

National Tribune

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50 Years Ago. + + A Trooper's Story.

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lot of rations that had been recently stored at Bent's Fort, to be issued to such Indians as were then peaceable, and the Sedgwick was to return to the Big Bend.

While Maj. Sedgwick was gone Bent's, the Colonel, with Cos B and I and the Infantry, would take the disab-

These Indians, I was told, were the tribe known as the Northern Comanches and although ostensibly friendly, and living under the solemn obligations of a treaty of peace with the Government, the

the Cheyennes and bluffed the Comanches, the Kiowas break loose to make matters on the plains more interesting.

over their heads and whose thunder
seemed to break at their very ears. The
water, no longer crushed down by the

long live THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to cheer up the old boys every week."

Comrade Wm. H. Horton, of Afton, N. Y. sent guesses and added: "I am much

This was too much. The young man burst into laughter, though his teeth

ming, half-wading, he let the waves carry them on. In a few rods, the boat grounded, though the spray still dashed over it.

"TELL THOSE INDIANS TO GET BACK ACROSS THAT RIVER, AND BE QUIET ABOUT IT."

On the return trip we met with no incident. The boat was drawn to the opposite bank. They back

The Indians seemed to be in great numbers—warriors, women and children, all mounted, the women and children driving or leading numbers of pack animals loaded with camp equipment, etc. When we first noticed them the head of their column was nearly opposite to us, and

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Trooper's troubles and trials continue, and having whipped the Cheyennes and bluffed the Comanches, the Kiowas break loose to make matters on the plains more interesting.

ing whirled round and round in great vortices of deafening thunder. When the sun lightened, she could see him during the vivid flashes of lightning which came from the pitchy clouds that lay almost over their heads and whose thunder seemed to break at their very ears. The water, no longer crushed down by the

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stant, Gilbert, coming to the surface, had it by the bow. Between the surges breaking over him he could touch the bottom—a hard, sandy shelving floor. Half-swimming, half-wading, he let the waves carry them on. In a few rods, the boat grounded, though the spray still dashed over it.